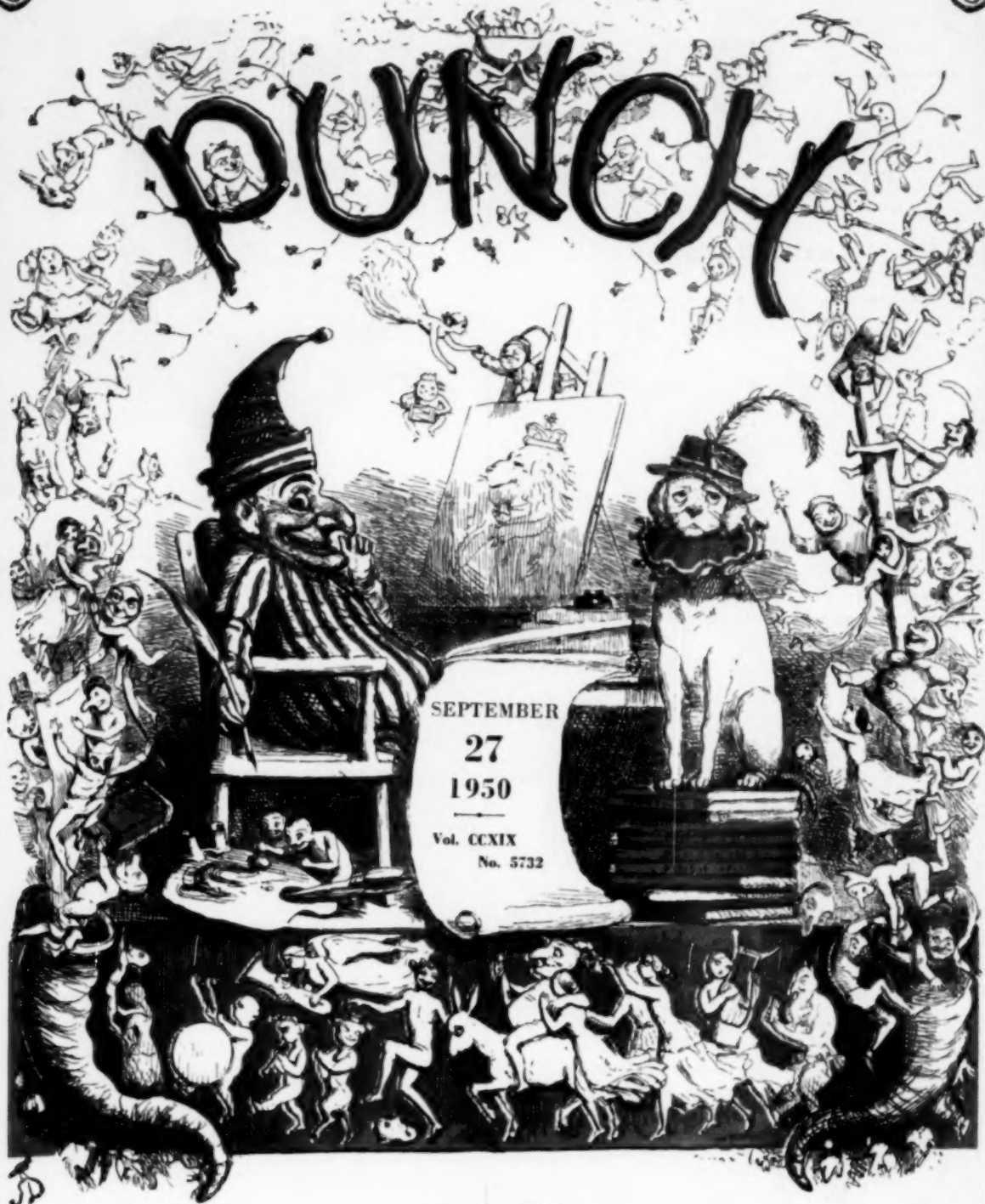


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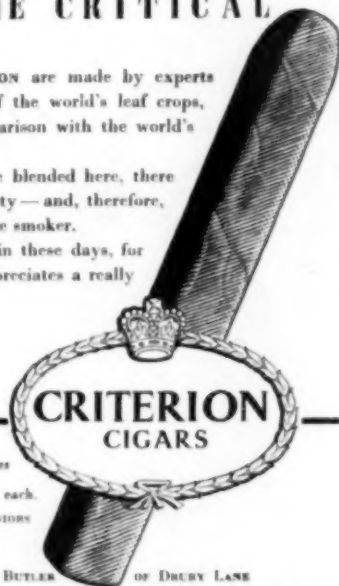
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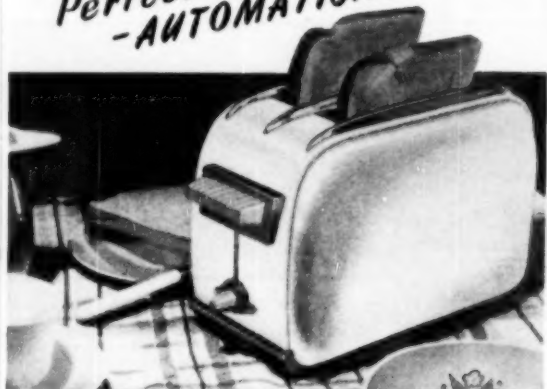


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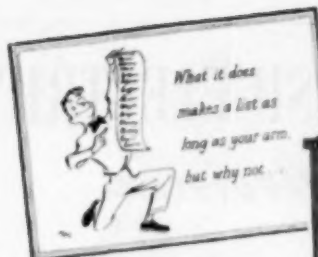
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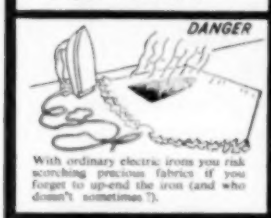
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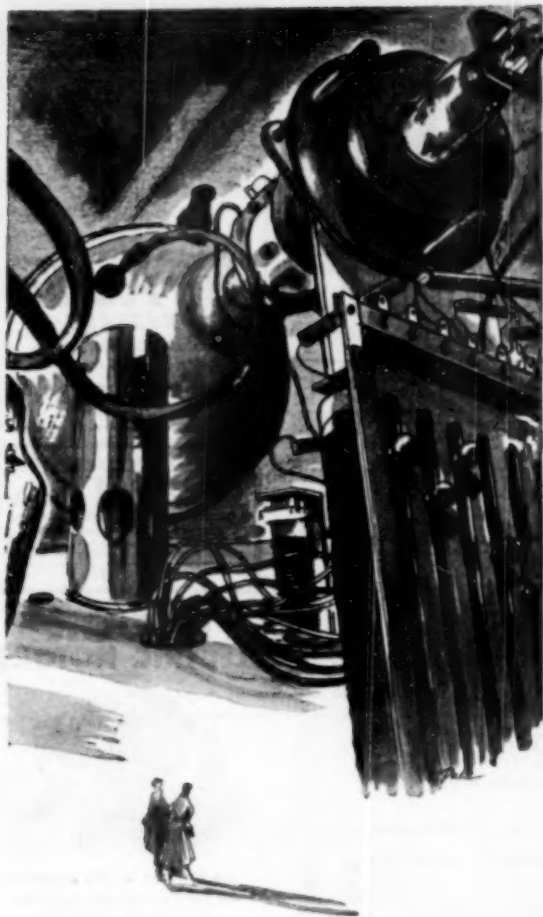
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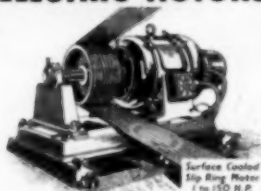
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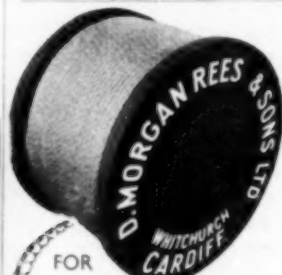


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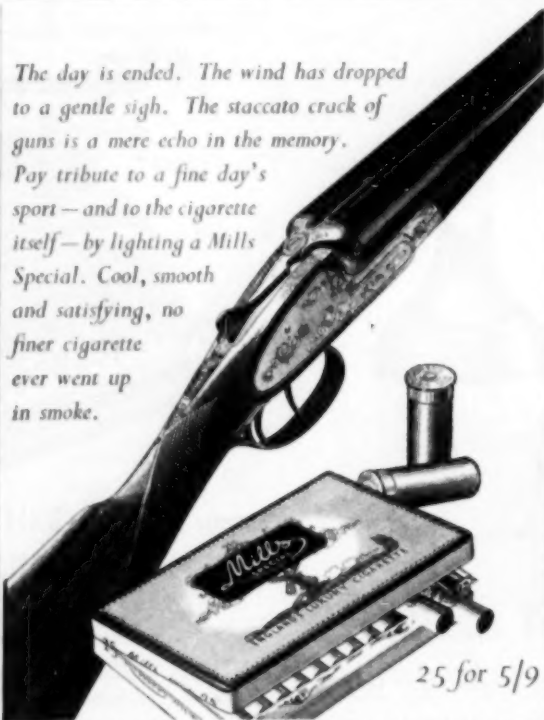
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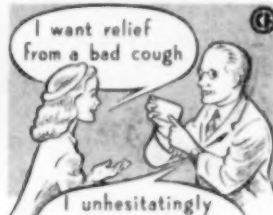
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Cadburys!*



CHARIVARIA

"DRINKING wine in Britain is a solemn ceremony rather than part of the national life," says a French visitor. He feels that there should be some easing of the pass-port regulations.



Professor Ridenour, of the University of Illinois, writes in the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* "The area that can be poisoned with the fission products available to-day is disappointingly small; it amounts to not more than two or three major cities per month." Surely, if we all pull together in the name of progress, it ought to be possible to do a bit better than this.

Quick as a Flash

"Many stories were fathered on him. They speak of the time when he visited the battlefield of Waterloo. His guide waved a sweeping hand and said: 'This is the place where Napoleon fell,' and George, ever quick on the uptake, replied: 'Yes, it's a bit slippery, isn't it?'"

"Times of Ceylon"

The managing director of a London tannery states that shoes are now being made of fish skins, two large cod being used for the uppers; the soles are of the usual leather. That doesn't seem to show much imagination.

"The solid block of Conservative votes being against me, I knew it was a forlorn hope, so I felt no disappointment, dismay or ill-wind towards anyone."—*Letter in "Boston Guardian"*

Ah, but did you blow anyone any good?

A deterioration in the quality of certain goods is expected as a result of the re-armament drive. The staunch patriot will console himself with the thought that although the £ isn't worth what it was he is lucky to be able to buy less of what really isn't worth having.

Miracle of Modern Science

"NEW TOWN HELD UP BY LACK OF CEMENT."
Headline in "*Daily Telegraph*"

An American engineer has invented a robot hall-stand which collects visitors' hats and coats and hands them back to them. This looks like the cricketer's answer to the mechanical caddy.



THE L.P.T.B. TOURING TEAM

THE news that four London buses are touring the Continent as advertisements for the Festival of Britain must have shocked all keen bus fanciers. By failing to afford the public any opportunity of advising the selection committee the selectors, unlike the more progressive M.C.C. selectors, have flouted one of the cardinal principles of modern democracy. We are left to guess the composition of the L.P.T.B. Touring Team.

I myself am an ardent No. 11 man. No team of buses should leave these shores without this invaluable all-rounder. First and foremost it is a courageous, if unsatish, bus. Its ability to go from Liverpool Street to Hammer-smith by way of Walham Green is a first-class illustration of its unrivalled staying power. It is seldom brilliant, though it has its majestic moments in Whitehall and Parliament Square. But its flair for leadership is frequently displayed in the King's Road and, provided its private affairs are in order, there can be no doubt that No. 11 would make an inspiring skipper of the side.

It is really at this point that selection difficulties begin. Clearly, a well balanced Continental bus side should contain both stayers and sprinters. Only the best of both could hold their own on the long, poplar-flanked roads or in the murderous competition of the Parisian boulevards. Thoughts of Paris attract one at once to the claims of No. 9. This is surely the most elegant of all our buses, and its slender, rather feminine, lines and its easy, graceful action would not disgrace us in the Champs-Élysées. Piccadilly-trained and genteel though it may be, it would not fear the turbulence of the Place de la Concorde. Furthermore it has the great advantage of height over those squat, breathless, green contraptions upon which, rather surprisingly, the Parisians find themselves able to rely. On the other hand I never fancy a No. 9 in the Mansion House area or farther west than Derry and Toms. One recoils that it is often too timorous to venture beyond Aldwych. It is not, in my view, robust enough for the outlying districts and might prove untrustworthy south of the Seine.

In the circumstances I think that either No. 49 or No. 31 is a better bet. No. 49 has remarkable qualities in that it not only makes the river crossing to Streatham but it also achieves what no other bus is able to achieve, namely a successful passage through that difficult hinterland between Chelsea and Kensington High Street. Naturally it is a well rested bus and does not do this very often. No. 31 is a fine sprinter in formidable terrain, as anyone who has made the journey from World's End to the Earl's Court Road will know. Unhappily it is a little temperamental and does the reverse journey only at a crawl. On the whole my choice is No. 31, because it works with No. 11 for a longer stretch than No. 49.

Regent Street, Oxford Street and Baker Street supporters will now be clamouring for recognition. They have a number of gallant aspirants. To see

No. 13 winging its way down the hill past Lord's and exuding the same jaunty confidence twenty minutes later as it swings from Aldwych into Fleet Street is a heartening prospect for British bussing. Unfortunately No. 13 has lost much rightful custom owing to the unsporting activities of No. 113, which sometimes follows on its tail. I hope they will be separated before another tour is envisaged so as to give No. 13 a fair chance of selection.

I have considered No. 74 and No. 2, which do so well on the Baker Street stretch. They both have initiative, No. 74 being particularly independent at the north end of Regent's Park. But a lot of its strength evaporates, perhaps understandably, in that gruelling struggle along the Cromwell Road. I always feel that No. 2 has never quite found itself, as the modern novelists would say. In its heart it wishes to be a Park Lane-Knightsbridge bus and that sudden descent from Hyde Park Corner to Victoria has given it an inferiority complex. No. 30, on the other hand, has no such inner weakness and always enters Park Lane with dignity, whatever dispiriting adventures it may have had in the Old Brompton Road.

One could not think of sending unhappy No. 18a any further from its route than Brixton. Yet one admires the unobtrusive manner in which No. 77a hits the Wandsworth trail. Likewise, No. 73 is occasionally impressive. No. 19 and No. 22 are competent performers, but seem to be fully at ease only in Sloane Street or, in the case of No. 19, in Battersea L.T. Garage. No. 1 is a mysterious creature which I remember having seen only in the vicinity of Marylebone Station. If it is connected with the latter it is obviously unfitted for the strain and hurly-burly of an overseas tour.

No, my firm third choice is No. 27a. Here we have a dogged trier of the Jack Holden class with just the personality which this foreign trip demands. Let it take you up the mountain that is Church Street, through the twisting gorges of Paddington on to the Marylebone Plain beyond and you will not fear for it or London's honour in the Appenines. Follow it along the broad reaches of the Hampstead Road to the smooth uplands of Highgate and you can easily imagine it cantering to victory on the sun-baked highways of southern Europe.

That leaves but one place to fill. All argument must cease. For no L.P.T.B. bus team should be without a taxi—and a roomy, old-fashioned one at that.

£ £

RIPENESS IS ALL

WHEN I am old and grey, then I shall pry
Into the cupboards of the days gone by,
Collect all skeletons and scurvy tricks
And publish them as "Memoirs. 12/6."



TIME TO GET UP



"Every night for fifteen years you've walked into this kitchen and said 'Anything I can do?'"

MY ANSWER TO MALCONTENTS

EVER since my return from my long swim around the globe I have had to endure a veritable stream of obloquy and abuse. I had scarcely time to get the stiffness out of my limbs, remove the lard from my body and the brine from my hair when the letters began to pour in. Carping seems like second nature to some, and I have been subjected to envy and calumny and hate and pain—as Shelley said of Keats in his "Adonais"—morning, noon and night in a way that is almost without parallel. Often I have wished that I were back there in the deep waters, climbing the long grey combers, topping the wave crests and plunging down into the green glassy troughs of ocean, or maybe floating quietly on my back and seeing the tropical night rush down so quickly that I scarcely had time to switch on the small electric light, which I carried on my head, before it was dark. Or gazing up at the galaxy of southern stars. Or smelling the breeze wafted from the Islands of Spice. Or flinging a cheery word, and now and again a crumb or two of cake to my indefatigable albatross.

And from whom does all this criticism come? From Englishmen, if you please, men of my own race and country. And what is the point of their attack? Merely that I used sail.

"Swimming is swimming and sail is sail," writes

one of them. I do not deny it. "It is just this kind of thing," he goes on, "that brings British sport into disrepute among foreigners at a time when the old country needs all our efforts to help her out of the morass."

He is utterly mistaken. All the cuttings that I have received so far from Continental countries have been entirely favourable. The European Press has been enthusiastic, except that part of it which is printed behind the Iron Curtain, and even here the better class Yugoslavian dailies have been unable to withhold a tribute of admiration. Nor have other Continents been far behind. "You have set our boys a new standard," telegraphed King Farouk from Deauville, and I have a message too complimentary to quote from Sierra Leone. Perón has been kindness itself; and so has President Truman. "Ahoy, Big White Water Snake!" writes a Red Indian chief, and a Venezuelan journal goes so far as to compare me to a human manatee.

Let me therefore consider the complaints in more detail. "No Channel swimmer," cries one of my assailants, "from Captain Webb onwards, male or female, black, white, brown or yellow, has ever used canvas to help him, nor did Byron or even Leander during their passage over the Hellespont."

Very true. But there is a vast deal of difference, I would have my persecutor know, between a really long swim in which it takes the competitor several years to lap the course and a short scurry on a well known track from coast to coast. Wind and tide were sometimes with me and sometimes against me. When they were against I was frequently buffeted backwards, and would have to lie up in harbour for a while or even go aboard the good ship *Futtleworth* to recuperate. When the elements were with me, on the other hand, it was scarcely possible to turn over on to my back and open my map of the world to see whether I was taking the proper course, or even to read *The Times*, without being helped along by the wind. It was but a short step from this to the use of my collapsible umbrella-sail, the cause of this lamentable outcry from pedants of the armchair school.

I had made my rules and I kept them, nailing my colours to the mast. I used no other artificial aid except my umbrella. I might easily have done so. Let me remind my critics that Byron and Leander were not the only swimmers to cross the Hellespont. The first passage was made by Phryxus on the back of a golden ram in company with his sister Helle, who fell off and was drowned. I should on no account have used a golden ram to help me on any part of my journey, even had one been available; any more than I should have employed a dolphin like the minstrel Arion, or the kind of Mac West that was thrown to Ulysses by the nymph Leucothea.

I might just as well, if I had sought such aids, have been towed around the world by the good ship *Futtleworth* on a raft or a plank or a pair of water skis, and what would my critics have said, and justly said, if I had pursued this course?

I must here admit that the use of an outboard motor fastened to my university costume was suggested to me by my trainer before the enterprise began, but I made three objections to it. The first was my sense of sportsmanship. The second was the difficulty of affixing the apparatus. The third was the obvious fact that in passing any harbour or maritime spa where yacht racing was in progress I should have been compelled (being steam) to give way to sail, which would have been highly inconvenient, and might easily have retarded my progress.

I am thankful that I resisted his importunities. The further complaint that in swimming round the world from west to east instead of in the reverse direction I unfairly gained a full day on my time schedule may be dismissed as trifling and unworthy of the descendants of the West Country sea-rovers. My sudden arrival, twenty-four hours before I was expected, at the port of St. Mary's in the Scilly Isles occasioned astonishment but in no way lessened the delight and enthusiasm of the Mayor and the Reception Committee drawn up to welcome me with the Bulb-grower's Brass Band, as I drew in to shore.

In conclusion may I say that I have steadfastly refused to allow my photograph to be employed as an advertisement for the foundation grease with which I was coated during my swim. I did not circumnavigate the globe in order to publicize this or any other toilet preparation. I have set my face against them and I stick to my guns.

EVON

AT VICTORIA

LIFE hath her mysteries, and they are these:
The rainbow's end, the sunken galleon's hoard,
The numbers of the leaves upon the trees,
And the man who works the Indicator Board.

Is he one man, or two men doing shifts?
When is he happier—waiting by his fence
Or jabbing with the boathook thing that lifts
The 4.13 to sudden prescience!

Does he just jab and down the stations flop,
Arranged beforehand somewhere round behind,
Or must he muse: "The 7.10 will stop
At Cheam, but passeth Bookham like the wind"?

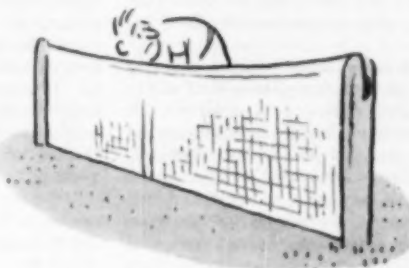
And thinks he, bashing one that will not budge,
"These are but names I see from underneath.
O happy they on Ticehurst Road who trudge,
Who see the sun rise over Haywards Heath"!

We do not know. That is the truth of it.
And we who search for the heart of Mystery,
All we can do is hang about a bit,
And frown, and scuttle off to Platform Three.

ANDE



FIRST SERVICE



FAULT



Hollywood

SECOND SERVICE



HOP PICKING

*"I Don't Care Where the Water Goes
If It Doesn't Get into the Beer."*

IT was a perfectly beastly morning at Victoria Station as Mr. Punch's representatives set out for the hop gardens of Kent. In the Garden of England, however, all would be different, they felt. There, in the sunshine, were to be found the scenery, the people and the flora that have done so much to make the English what they are. Particularly the flora, pride of place among which is held, at any rate at this season of the year, by the lordly, if beery, hop.

This is the time of picking, when hordes of picturesque and other characters swarm into Kent and enliven the hop farms with gay chatter and at night sit round their camp fires and sing, to the music of mandoline, concertina or a pair of spoons, their own nostalgic songs—"Ten Green Bottles," for example, or "If You've Never Been the Lover of the Landlady's Daughter You Can't Have Another Piece of Pie."

At Maidstone there was still a certain amount of moisture in the air as we drove out to the farm where we were to join the jolly hop pickers. On the way we passed several millions of hops, their heavily laden bines climbing ten feet into the air along their radiating strings in the most ingenious and enterprising way.

"Bags of beer," said Mr. Punch's Artist, the practical man.

He was right too: there is a bumper harvest this year. The only

thing wrong with the hops that we could see was that nobody seemed to be picking them. Some fields—or gardens—had been picked already and some had not. It was only the intermediate stage, for which we had made the journey, that seemed to be eluding us.

At the farm itself there was still a certain amount of moisture in the air. It did not stay there, however, but crashed to the ground in resolute streams and cataracts. The Garden of England was a water garden.

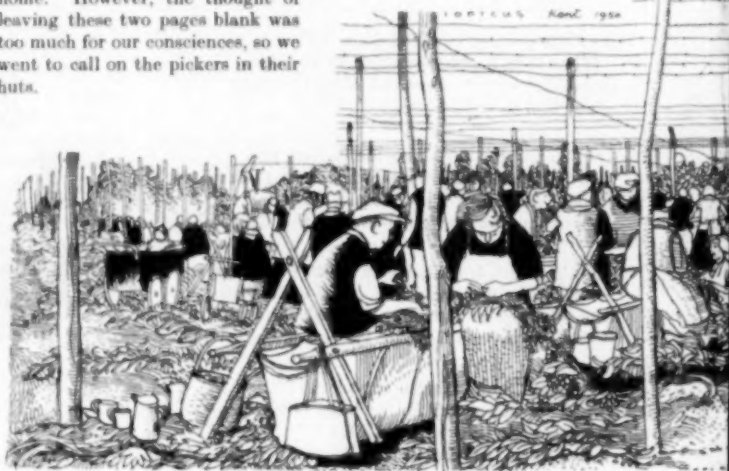
"I hate to disappoint you," said our host, "or to seem discouraging, but if I were you I should scrub round it."

Certainly there was enough water about to scrub the whole county, but we took this to be a hopping term indicating that there would be no pickings to be had to-day and we might as well go home. However, the thought of leaving these two pages blank was too much for our consciences, so we went to call on the pickers in their huts.

The sudden descent of a thousand or two strangers on a farm for a fortnight or a month would be likely to cause some embarrassment to the farmer who had neglected to take adequate steps for their reception. Knowing this, he has provided them all with huts in which to live, with beds and chairs, and fuel for their fires; with a comprehensive shop to supply all their needs, including no cigarettes, and with access to medical skill.

Did I say "strangers"? Some of them may be, no doubt, but hop picking is very much of a family affair and brings back the same families and the same individuals year after year. Mr. and Mrs. Cutbush (*sic*), for instance, have come annually to this same farm for no less than fifty years, and so have their forbears and their relations. And now there are the children of the next generation. They all go into the gardens together, in families and little friendly groups. Together they take down the bines and swiftly and deftly pick the pale-green fir-coney hops and pile them into those odd stretcher-like objects, which are called bins.

As a matter of statistical information, they are paid for this at the rate of eightpence or ninepence a bushel, and may earn about four pounds ten a week. (A week of fine days of course.) As Ma Edwards



says, you don't take many pounds back to London with you perhaps, but it is all very reasonable and congenial, and for most of them amounts to a holiday with pay.

Within living memory—and not a particularly long memory at that—the hop-picking season used to bring out a swarm of the most curious characters; casual labour at its worst, all herded together in conditions of spectacular squalor and unattractiveness. But nowadays things are different altogether. By far the greater part of the labour force is engaged in advance and the farmer, having made his arrangements by post, knows how many he can expect and who they will be. There are some "floaters" as well, no doubt. A proportion of gate-crashers is to be found, goodness knows, in all ranks of society, and the lure of the hop fields is strong.

"But of course," Fred Hignett explains, with a sad eye on the weather, "even if it rains every day we don't get paid off until we've done the job we come 'ere for."

This is explained to them when they first assemble and before they begin work: if they choose to go away just when it suits them, well there is nothing to stop them of course, but they won't get paid. That is the kind of verbal contract on which they work and which they cheerfully understand; and it goes



far to explain why the migrant hop picker enjoys a cloudburst less, if possible, than we do.

We left the snug interior of the Cutbush lodging with a twinge of regret, threw a wistful glance at the steaming cauldron before their door, in which bubbled and hissed the family's "suet pudding," and splashed on into the rain.

"Look!" cried Mr. Punch's Artist suddenly and excitedly, waving his arms and shouting to make himself heard above the noise of the rain on his mackintosh.

The large object that his trained eye had discerned through the overcast came obligingly to a halt and turned out to be a fish-and-chip wagon. There is something curiously restorative about finding oneself unexpectedly sitting in a cart-shed on a pile of pockets, eating hot fish and chips out of a paper bag, particularly when the pockets smell rather bitterly of hops. (It should perhaps be mentioned that a "pocket" is a sack ten feet long and holding a hundredweight and a half of compressed hops.)

Such a repast is best eaten, as we realized at once, in the shadow of an oast house; and I dare say there are many people, even among my readers, who think that an oast house is a peculiarity of Kentish architecture and have never bothered to pursue the matter farther than that. You see them all over the place, looking like—like—like oast houses (or oasts). What happens inside is that the hops are spread out on the floor and dried by hot air sent up from a fire below. The air is exhausted through the spout at the top and the hops come out dry.

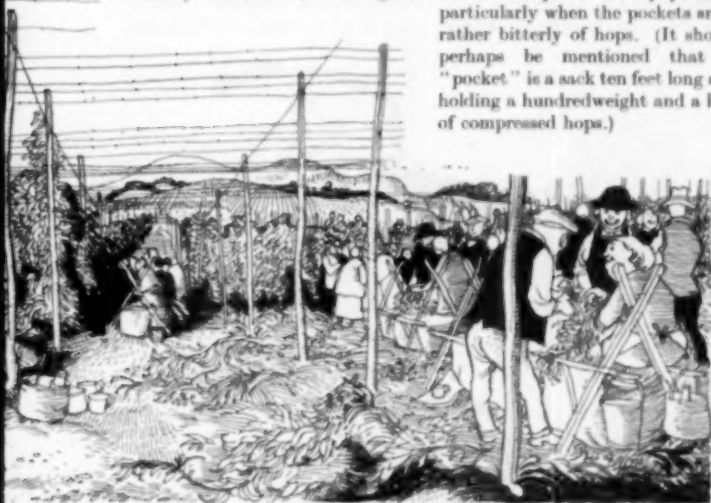
Then they are packed into these enormous "pockets" and spirited away to warehouses in London. It is from these warehouses that the brewers will buy them about next April in order to put them—oh, yes, they do, however sceptical one may be—into their beer. The function of the hop is to flavour and preserve what by all accounts is the world's most ancient fermented drink.

Not long after finishing our frugal but sustaining meal we repaired to an establishment marked by a large coloured board on a post, in order to complete our researches into the career of the hop by sampling and appraising the final product.

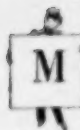
It was shut.

The curious will observe that Mr. Punch's Artist had better luck with the weather on a subsequent visit—next day, perhaps.

P. R. BOYLE



AT THE PICTURES

*Seven Days to Noon**The Heiress*

MOST people will find *Seven Days to Noon* (Director: JOHN BOULTON) stimulatingly, encouragingly good: the sort of picture that makes one leave the cinema half-smiling, and go away cheerful. What a treat it is to see something made with such confident ease, written and directed with such wit and imagination, played with such character and ability! Most of the fuss—at least beforehand—was being made about the idea, the theme; but one can thoroughly enjoy this piece as an exciting pursuit story and never really consider the theme at all. I don't say one should, but one can. Anyone, after all, can choose a subject; people who can present the subject—any subject—as well as it is presented here are by no means numerous, and I would prefer to praise *Seven Days to Noon* as a quite first-rate piece of intelligent entertainment rather than as the imaginative treatment of a "topical" problem of conscience. To be sure, the problem is a serious one much discussed at present: the scientist's concern about the use to which his possibly lethal discoveries may be put. Here we have a professor who threatens to devastate ten square miles of London with an atomic

bomb unless the Government promises to cease making such weapons. That is the mainspring of the action; what makes the film good is the action itself, the fresh observation of scene and character and detail, the ingenious invention and building up of incident, and the excellent acting. There are no big stars, but many admirable small character sketches (notably JOAN HICKSON's slatternly landlady). Though BARRY JONES is credibly overwrought and soul-searching as the fanatic professor, the individual performance most people will remember is OLIVE SLOANE's as the kind-hearted, shallow, ageing second-rate actress who befriends him. Much of the picture was shot in the streets of London, and visually it is often remarkable. I shall see it again when I can.

The film *The Heiress* (Director: WILLIAM WYLER) remains essentially the play from which it was adapted, the play made from HENRY JAMES's novel *Washington Square*; but in this instance the fact does not seem to matter very much. Even though there is very little effort to diversify the scene—apart from various views, for which there is every excuse, of Washington Square—such limitation and stylization as may be detected is integral, part of the story's point, and nothing like the irritating artificiality of the film that might be a series of photographs of actors

taking care not to mask each other on a stage. OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND gives quite a moving performance as the central figure, the plain, shy girl whose chance of happiness is ruined by her father's conviction that no man seeking her company can conceivably be interested in anything but her money. Miss DE HAVILLAND was chosen for the part perhaps because *The Snake Pit* showed her willingness to appear as unprepossessing as any Hollywood beauty could very well make herself look; but there are many moments here when it's hard to consider her as unattractive as the story demands. The film story, that is: it touches only very lightly on the idea that the father's contempt for his daughter is a necessary part of his determined idealization of his dead wife. The picture is a worthy one, very handsomely mounted, carefully and skilfully done, and has won prizes; I personally was not much affected by it, but it is certainly worth seeing.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A good, wildly assorted programme is in its last week or so: *Sylvia and the Ghost* (2/8/50) coupled with the old Marx Brothers classic *Horse Feathers*.

Best new release is certainly *Father of the Bride*, an exceedingly enjoyable and well-made comedy.

RICHARD MALLETT

[*Seven Days to Noon*]

Man Wanted

Superintendent Folland—ANDRÉ MORELL
Professor Willington—BARRY JONES

[*The Heiress*]

Young Lady, Not

Catherine Sloper—OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Doctor Sloper—RALPH RICHARDSON

BLURB MAN OUT

A FEW weeks ago I read somewhere—probably in the Tube—that Mr. T. S. Eliot is in the habit of writing blurbs for books published by the firm of which he is a director. I found this news item so arresting that my progress to the back page of my paper and the latest scores was delayed by several seconds. Then, without more ado, I forgot all about it. But the mind is a curious instrument, and a few weeks later (circa September, 1950) the same scrap of information suddenly popped up from the subconscious deep and began to thrash about wildly among my workaday thoughts.

I did what any man in my place (and familiar with the run of its rooms) would have done: I swooped immediately upon the library, eager to begin a literary feast among the book-jackets.

"She had built up around herself an unreal life in some secret department of Military Intelligence," I read, "only to find with the coming of peace that this world (and the man for whom she worked) no longer needed her. Back in her highland home she finds herself estranged from her mother, her sister and her governess, Irene. She comes to hate, as once she had loved, the placid calmness of her life . . ."

Was this Eliot? There were, I imagined, faint echoes of *The Family Reunion* and *Prufrock*, and though the blurb was devoid of explanatory footnotes its rhythm and metre were markedly unorthodox and complicated. I was not, however, entirely satisfied. My task would have been much easier, naturally, had I been able to remember the name of Mr. Eliot's publishing house; yet there could be no great difficulty, surely, in identifying the master's work, his "unmistakable and incandescent power of communication."

I tried again.

"Take twenty-three English people, put them in a train at Victoria Station, and send them through Italy on a Byways conducted tour. (*Always Travel Byways*.) Give them a courier, guides,

traveller's cheques, indigestion, catastrophes, and—the unexpected . . ."

No.

"The first Abercorns were of necessity courageous, and their son, Tom, whose proudest boast it was that his wife was the first white woman to sail up the Yangtze to Chungking, inherited their courage and brought to it a spirit of hope and high adventure. His daughter, Sickle, needed a different kind of courage . . ."

No.

"Included in *Cricket Companions* . . ."

No, no.

"Mary Turner would have been a perfectly happy spinster if her friends had not quietly egged her into marrying a 'poor white' farmer. Not perhaps a 'poor white' in the customary sense, but heading that way; kind, sensitive, hard-working, but with a fundamental flaw of weakness . . ."

No.

"The . . ."

Ah, this was much more like the real thing. I read on. Yes, yes, authentic touches everywhere—"capricious monotone," "potamus," "polyphiloprogenitive," "Shakespearean," "protozoic slime." With my fingers trembling against the book's glossy spine I reached for the phone—

"Ludmüller and Goyle!" I said.

"Regent 80553," she snapped.

"Ludmüller and Goyle, the publishers?"

"Mr. Goyle is out. Would you care to leave a message?"

"Mr. Ludmüller?"

"There isn't a Mr. Ludmüller."

"Mr. Eliot?"

"Who?"

"Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Thomas St—"

"Mr. Thomas is extension 23; one moment, please."

"But—"

"Hello! Yes!"

"Mr. Thomas?"

"Speaking."

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Thomas, but I'm trying to find out who wrote the blurb for your novel *Bronze Instinct* by Pat Hacklevit. Was it by chance Mr. T. S. Eliot?"

"No, Mr. Hacklevit wrote it. All our authors write their own blurbs."

"D'you happen to know Mr. Hacklevit?" I said.

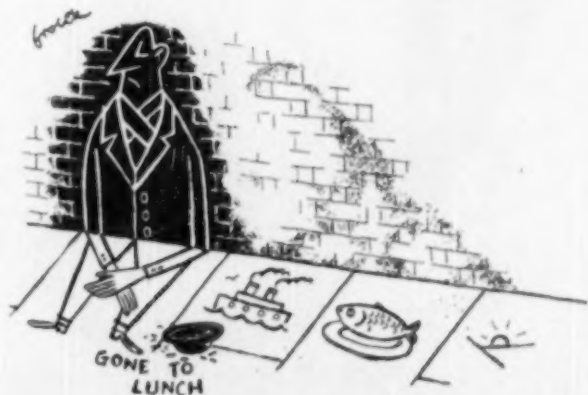
"Why, of course, he's always knocking about the office."

"Is he tall, distinguished-looking, with his hair parted in the middle?"

"No, shortish, stout and bald; but you must be thinking of Mr. Leadman, our accountant. Hang on a minute and I'll get your call transferred—"

I put down the receiver.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



THE CHITTY

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your esteemed order and for the three shillings enclosed, and have pleasure in forwarding two prints of the photograph showing yourself, and your wife from the shoulders upwards, and the heads of some of your children. I regret that your several smaller tots were below the range of my camera. You will also note plainly the top of the Tivoli cinema, the end of Adam Street, and a great number of buildings on the other side of the Strand with, in the foreground, a particularly flourishing example of

what is colloquially known as a "hole in the road."

In defence of my photography I feel I must remind you of the circumstances in which your order was placed. I was winding my spool for the next "take" when you startled me by your approach.

"Where's the chitty!" you asked.

"Excuse me!" I faltered.

"The chitty. THE CHITTY!" you exclaimed petulantly, to the evident excitement of your family.

I confessed that I didn't know what you meant, and apologized. People who approach one in the Strand are usually wanting to be directed to the National Gallery, and

since this was obviously not what you required I toyed momentarily with the notion that you might have said "Where's the City!" In this spirit and in no sense wishing you to any less convivial destination, I advised you to take a Number 96 bus going east. It was your wife, I believe, who brought the constable on the scene—pushing his way through the considerable crowd which by then supported the caucus of your children, who were staring hopefully up at me as if I was about to tie myself up in chains and then set myself free again. Naturally, you will remember, the constable asked what the trouble was.

"He's taken our photographs and won't give us the chitty," you reported irritably.

Placing a hand on each hip, the policeman faced me squarely.

"Why not give the gentleman the chitty?" he pleaded, taking little from the monotony of proceedings.

If I had immediately explained my business instead of searching my pockets frenziedly as if half afraid they might contain just such a missive as everybody wanted, the episode might have closed sooner. As it was, neither yourself, nor the constable, nor your wife, nor the crowd were satisfied with my performance.

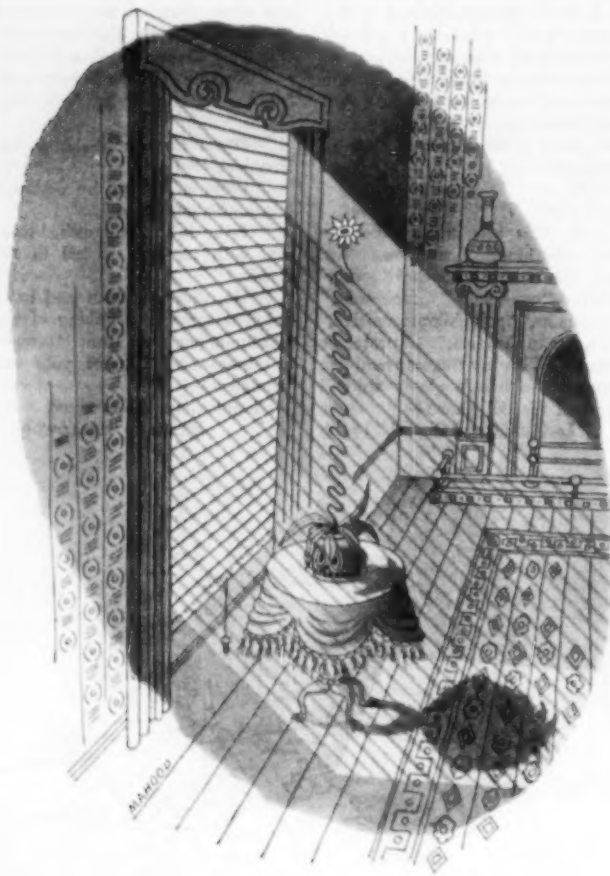
"If you blokes are going to start trouble around here," said the constable, "we've got strict instructions to have the whole lot of you shifted out of the area."

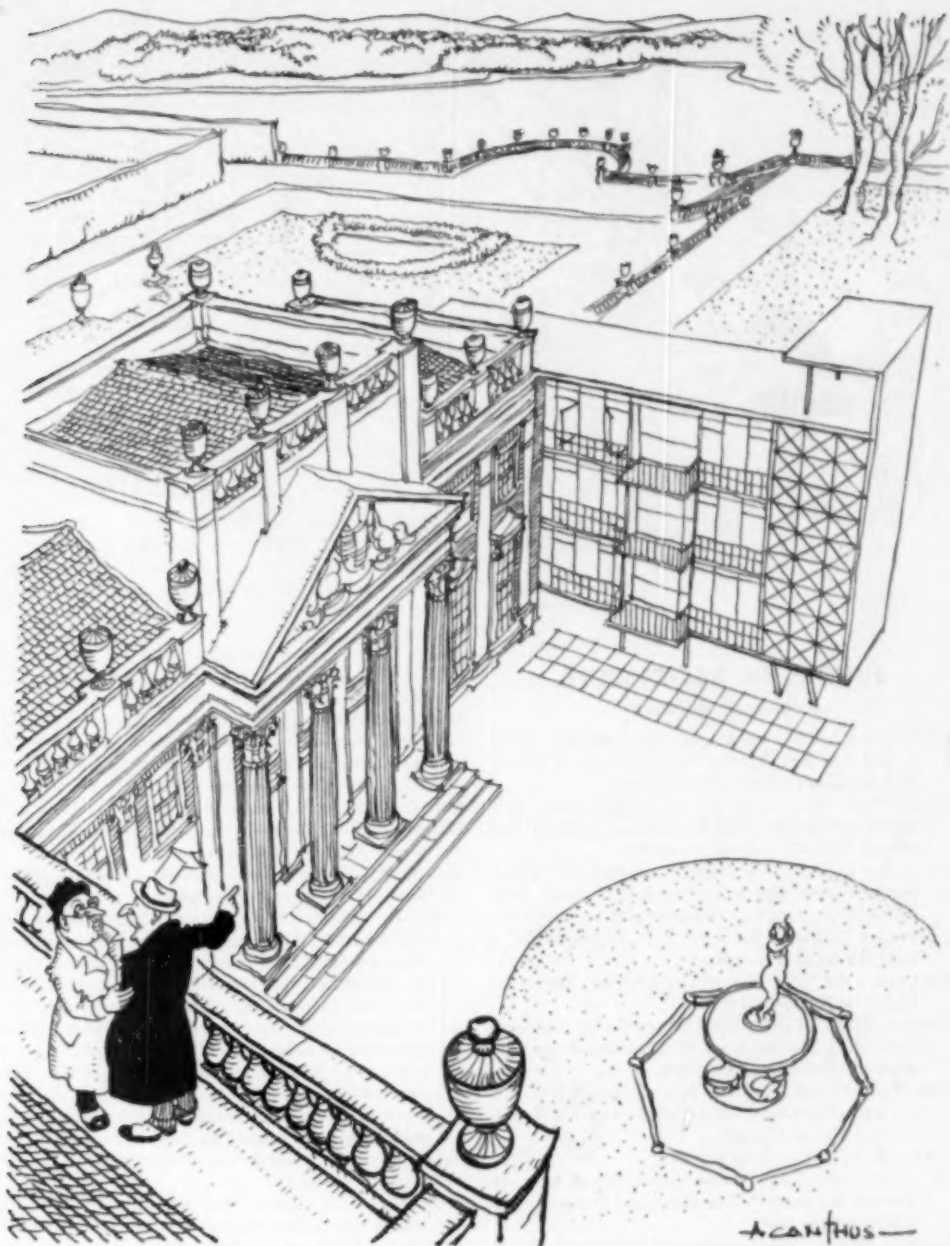
Panic-stricken, I wrote you my name and address on the back of a cigarette carton, a gesture which seemed rewarding. The crowd followed me for some ten minutes in case I got into any further trouble. You no doubt continued to show your children the curiosities of London.

My parting comment is that I was trying to photograph my brother's flat which now has an electric sign in front of the windows, and it seemed to me that he might wish to see this as he is at present abroad. As I am an amateur photographer I return your money, less deductions for postage.

Yours sincerely,

AMBROSE GARBODY





"We did so well from tourists they let us rebuild the West Wing."



"Ought we to start saving silver paper?"

JURORS IN RETIREMENT

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

FOREMAN. Let's settle down comfortably. They judge a jury by the time it's out of Court. Will members take snuff with me?

MISS PAYLE. Won't you try my health snuff? It's made from sweet herbs I cull in my garden and prepared much as for pot-pourri.

MR. JIFF. You may have time to chatter, but I'm a business man and every moment I spend here means that things go unsupervised and my customers fall off. As I am the proprietor of a roundabout this is serious.

FOREMAN. All right, if we must be brisk, here goes. Guilty or Not Guilty?

CAPTAIN HORK. I don't think it was that sort of case. Surely they set us a lot of questions about substance and fact and damages.

MRS. WAGUE. Let's do those first. I hate figures, and we can relax with them out of the way. I'll open the bidding at £10,000.

FOREMAN. Can the chap pay it?

MR. JIFF. I have sat on two running-down cases, so I know the ropes. The insurance company will stump up for him.

CAPTAIN HORK. Don't insurance companies always want a medical examination? It struck me as odd that there was no medical evidence at all. I was looking forward to it, but we didn't have even a

psychiatrist. Let's cut down on the costs and just award what the case was worth to us.

FOREMAN. What about £5,000 damages and £5,000 costs? Sometimes in police courts costs are much more than the fine, and if we make it even we show our disapproval.

CAPTAIN HORK. I'll settle for that.

FOREMAN. Done. On to the next part. Were the words complained of defamatory?

MR. JIFF. You saw the Plaintiff. He was unfamable. Move next question.

FOREMAN. Right. Were the words published by the Defendant? He wrote them in letters, posted them on bills, put them in a book, scribbled them in the margins of novels from the public library and drew them on the steamy windows of trains. I should think, on the whole, they were. Then there are some bits about Fair Comment that I'll omit. Anything discussed between judge and counsel is obviously too technical for us. The next bit means was he talking through his hat or was there really something in what he said?

MRS. WAGUE. "Skunk" was justified. "Knock-kneed" was not.

MISS PAYLE. I suppose that when they talk about words they mean the majority of words. So far we have had one on each side of the line. "He embezzled twelve thousand from Locket, Dicket, Addleby and Co." is ten words, all true. So that's that.

CAPTAIN HORK. Embezzling means some kind of stealing, and when things are stolen they are often passed over to receivers. There was talk in the case of an Official Receiver, which puzzled me.

MR. JIFF. The Defendant says the Plaintiff passed it over to bookmakers, nothing about a receiver getting it.

MISS PAYLE. The Plaintiff said he didn't. One of them must be lying. Perhaps a verdict of perjury would fit the case.

MRS. WAGUE. If he passed all that money over to bookmakers the poor man must be hard up now and damages would be a godsend.

FOREMAN. That bit at the end when the judge did a solo... There was something about the Plaintiff in that. Anyone remember?

CAPTAIN HORK. After he stopped buttering us up I took forty winks. I always do that if I feel I'm being got at.

MR. KELKINSHAW. Let us preserve a sense of proportion.

FOREMAN. Do you wish to enlarge on that?

MR. KELKINSHAW. No.

MRS. WAGUE. Surely embezzlement is worse than slander! We ought to come down against the Plaintiff and come down hard.

MISS PAYLE. Who was that odd little man who read column after column of figures in the witness box?

FOREMAN. I put him down as backing Locket, Dicket, Addeby and Co.

MRS. WAGUE. Would that weigh on the Plaintiff's or the Defendant's scale?

FOREMAN. I thought he seemed a neutral. That's why I felt he would leave things much as they were.

MISS PAYLE. I think we ought to count him when we're totting up the Plaintiff's score. He considered he was bow-legged, if anything.

MR. JIFF. Very significant, it appeared to me, that none of the Defendant's family turned up to speak for him. A black sheep, probably.

CAPTAIN HORK. His solicitor looked very young too. Obviously no well-established firm would take him on.

FOREMAN. Roughly, then, we find that the Defendant deserves the rawer deal. Any rider?

MISS PAYLE. That this case shows the evils of gambling.

FOREMAN. Agreed, agreed. I suggest no recommendation to mercy. After all, the Defendant is an older man than the Plaintiff and he is not in the hands of bookmakers or anything like that. He can take his medicine neat.

CAPTAIN HORK. Let's add another rider thanking the judge for his care and attention. The poor devils don't get many bouquets, except sometimes from other judges.

FOREMAN. Right. Anyone move the adjournment?

MR. JIFF. Aye, and second it too. I want to be the first to get some of those damages off the Plaintiff.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE



AFWILES.



APPL

O WHEN the first fro
With a rust stain th
and grained with go
And the down-cast brow
The orchard, and lichene
from cold,
I think, as I bite through
skin,
And the juice runs over
Of Charles Ross and Tom
tight in her cobweb
And, gold with the gl
Blenheim of all.

Over a mulberry wall
Where the cocka-comb d
snippets of plush,
And the drugged red ad
With Paisley wings on
lavender bush,
There it leaned, perhaps
dimpled fruit,
The wasp and the bird t
And not Allington, Ell
Bramley's jade ball
Could rival with juice
Blenheim of all.

So Quarrenden, come,
Fall from your yellow-k
basket I hold,
Pearmain and Codling,
And rain have plumped
a casket of gold,
Ripe for the tart and the
and white,
Apple jelly, a jewel in th
For this were you be
Grieve; so grow sw
Drowsy with mista mil
Blenheim of all.

SONG

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eighed down by the clove-
ves' loot,
o, Cox, Ribston Pippin, or
d with joy this very first

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t sun
t to a cusp, to a globe, to
e, the dumpling, all quilted
ight,
Newtown Wonder, James
er, and fall
s time, with the very first





THE DISTAFF SIDE

THE W. V. S.

VISITING the social services Mr. Punch's Artist and I have been frequently amazed at the ubiquity of the W.V.S. It crops up almost everywhere we go, not only at its own wicket but fielding slip for the loose balls sent down by other and sometimes less agile bodies.

There is so much to say about its present range that we can take only a passing glance at its brief but glorious history. In the clouded summer of 1938 Sir Samuel Hoare, then Home Secretary, asked Lady Reading to form a national organization of women to help with A.R.P. The Women's Voluntary Services started in one room in London. It took shape so rapidly that by January 1939 its terms of reference were extended to Civil Defence in the largest sense, and when war broke out it proved so adaptable that in time over a million members were assisting in

the work of twenty-four Government Departments.

The pattern was taken from that of Civil Defence, based on the same twelve regions. At the top of the cone were headquarters in London, Edinburgh and Belfast, and at the bottom were the Centres and, in remoter areas, local organizers who were often women operating from their own cottages. The flexibility at which Lady Reading aimed was wonderfully achieved. There were no ranks; a common desire to get on with the job proved sufficient discipline. As for money, the Government stood the expenses of the London and regional headquarters, while local authorities, backed by the Government, paid the bills at the lower levels. It was an astonishing departure from orthodox Whitehall prudence that an independent body outside official control should thus be financed by the

taxpayer, but in the hands of capable and determined women it succeeded. In fact you and I were saved a great deal by this army of unpaid philanthropists, and the saving continues.

The post-war set-up is much the same, except that the Home Office has assumed all financial responsibility.

Let us go straight to a Centre, because it is only there that we can get a just idea of what the W.V.S. means in action. The one we chose covers seven and a quarter square miles of a shabby area of London and has on its books two hundred and thirty-nine unpaid workers from all sections of society, the majority of whom are part-time. In an old house in a battered street the Centre Organizer sits at the same desk at which she weathered the blitz and the fly-bombs. She is quiet, humorous and deeply shrewd, and you feel that though through many queer emergencies she has come to know humanity inside out she still loves it marvellously. There is nothing official about her, either in person or method. She is hamstrung by no committee, and no paper obstacles hold up the speed of her decisions. She is on excellent terms with her local authority, though an expert at short-circuiting "procedure." A first-class administrator, clearly, but all over the country are others of her quality. I asked her what her Centre did, and here are my notes:

Following not in any order of priority.

- (1) National Savings collection.
- (2) Distribution of welfare foods for children, orange juice and so on.
- (3) Canning fruit for hospitals, children's and old people's homes.
- (4) Hospital service.
- (5) Dinner Club every day, downstairs. Honest meal for 8d. for old people.
- (6) Garden Gifts Scheme every Friday. Free issue of plants and seeds. Collection of garden surplus organized nationally through headquarters. Originally intended to brighten pre-fabs, this imaginative idea has spread widely.
- (7) Escorts, mainly for children bound for hospital.

(8) Hospital Car Service, greatly increased since National Health Act.

(9) Visiting. Shortage of beds often forces hospitals to turn patients out too soon. W.V.S. keeps an eye on them.

At this point Centre Organizer pauses justifiably for breath. Says there are plenty more for my list, but main thing is that whatever people come for they tend to make friends and return with their troubles. She and her assistants are mother confessors, industrial advisers, nannies, information queens. And most of the troubles in this area boil down to lamentable housing. If housing has become the theme-song of these articles it is no fault of ours, but of successive governments which have accepted a major tragedy too lightly.

Mr. P.'s A. and I also visited a canteen in the Tower of London, which serves tea, cakes and sundry comforts to the military depot; a Derby and Joan Club for old people, where a weekly bout of dancing, music and games was in riotous progress; and a playroom in an L.C.C. Rest Centre where a troop of children was being amused and at the same time taken off the hands of harassed mothers. These enterprises were all cheerfully staffed by W.V.S. members in the familiar and—if I may say so—extremely becoming green and purple uniform.

During the day we heard of more thriving ventures than we can possibly describe. All showed a rare knack of giving help immediately where it was most needed, and for giving it without stepping on the toes of other organizations—except possibly on those of bodies which had ceased to move in a forward

direction. Among the undertakings that struck us most were: a great drive for recruitment in Civil Defence, in which the W.V.S. will mainly staff the welfare side; the sending of teams of trained girls to look after welfare in unit canteens of the N.A.A.F.I. abroad; the clothing exchanges at Centres, where mothers can pick and swap for their children; the attractive shop trolleys which tour hospital wards (bedridden old ladies are terrors for cosmetics. "Ere come our barrer girls!" is their glad cry); the Meals on Wheels Scheme which brings hot food to the houses of the old and helpless; and the visitors who call on a woman on her first night in prison to straighten out domestic tangles. There is no end to the unselfish goodness of the W.V.S. And any sudden national emergency, such as the devastating floods of 1947, brings it efficiently and invaluable to the scene.

When you go round the social services, as we are doing, you are constantly staggered by the number of magnificent people, able and courageous, who are quietly working for the rest of us. Unpaid and unsung, they are notably happy. They provide the human touch without which all schemes of welfare must remain so much soulless machinery. They bring warmth and friendship and a splendid disregard

for precedent into the execution of plans that may sound very fine from the Front Bench but which would be dead and cold without them. It seems to me that an article on the W.V.S. is as good an opportunity as any for pointing out what a debt we all owe to these selfless volunteers. Men deserve praise as much as women, but the spirit of the W.V.S. sums up for both sexes an approach to human betterment—call it what you will—which is more general than we are inclined to believe in pessimistic moments.

Most admirably, the W.V.S. is a truly elastic-sided body, and that is something the poor old State can never afford to be, however many of its officials have the right ideas. Those who argue that State control must make voluntary effort superfluous are trying to swim against a tide of facts. The more plans, the more expert goodwill required to work them.

ERIC KROWN





"Sorry for the interruption, dear. Now where had I got to? Was 'I seeing to her' or was 'she seeing to me'?"

CASE OF THE ELASTIC CLOCK

THE other day I heard a business man say that nothing would persuade him to live in the country because of getting up early to catch trains.

Oddly enough, that is exactly what I used to think myself. But now that I know better I simply can't bear the idea of my fellow-men denying themselves the delights of rural life on the basis of such an absurd fallacy. Why, I get more sleep of a night now, with my car two minutes from the house, the

house two miles from the station and the station forty miles from the office, than ever I did at Belsize Park. (Let us not count the first morning, when I got up at five-fifteen, caught the six forty-one, and sat on the office steps for seventy minutes waiting for someone to turn up and let me in. That was just nerves.)

I had been brought up to leisure in the mornings; allowing an hour to get up, twenty minutes for breakfast, a cautious ten minutes to

get the car and fifteen minutes to get the train it now seemed to me that to rise at six would secure me a seat on the seven forty-five with ease. It did. For a whole week I adhered rigidly to this schedule, suffused with a glow of righteousness; indeed, it was only the glow that kept me awake after lunch; six hours' sleep was not enough, and after a week Nature took her toll: on the second Tuesday I awoke at five minutes past seven.

Hopping to the bathroom on alternate feet as I put shoes and socks on the airborne foot I neglected all conversation with my family. It was only when I was sitting in the train, breathing deep and fast, that a great truth shone upon me: I had had an extra hour in bed and still caught the seven forty-five.

From that morning I began to make two minutes grow where one had grown before. Certainly I was never again able to make one complete hour out of thin air like that; even William Willett only performed that trick once; but my imagination was stirred; I foresaw an exciting battle of wits with the tyrant Time. That night I gave directions for the alarm to be set for seven A.M.

At seven-thirty I was tapped on the nose with a warm teaspoon. My family was asking me what train I proposed to catch, and though the inquiry was partly obliterated by two door-slams, bedroom and bathroom, I had the stubborn courage to reply, through a mouthful of shaving-cream, "The seven forty-five!" My family, through the bathroom door, said that Mr. Cox always caught the eight-two.

I caught the eight-two with ease. In omitting to study the tables at the back of the "A.B.C." I had overlooked the potentialities of the eight-two: it sailed through two stations at which the seven forty-five stopped and hung about. I walked into the office on the stroke of nine-thirty, and I imagine it was quite impossible to tell that I had not bathed.

One hour and a half saved. Roughly fourteen days a year. True, it was possible to get breakfast on the eight-two, which added

fifty pounds or so to my annual travelling bill. But the time will come to all of us, I suppose, when we shall be happy to buy time at fifty pounds a fortnight.

I stuck to the eight-two until the morning after Cox's party. It was a prolonged party, with singing, and as we were leaving, Cox mentioned that he would be going up on the eight twenty-eight the next day. "Me too," I said, and the idea must have become more firmly fixed in my mind than might have been expected, because I woke in the morning at eight-ten—just nice time—unaided by my family, which was still sleeping, its hairnet hanging by one ear.

Cox hadn't shaved either. We stood side by side in the corridor. "Trouble with the eight twenty-eight," he said, digging me rather painfully as he got his tie out of his pocket—"never get a seat on it." I said I didn't mind that; what worried me was how we got to our offices—both in Kensington—by half past nine. "We don't," said Cox, tucking in his shirt. "But we change at the Junction and get a fast, and we ought to be in by nine thirty-five. After all, what's five minutes?"

I had to agree. True, we had to stand in the fast as well, but we propped each other up on the arm-piling principle and slept a lot of the way. Besides, a man who isn't even up when his proper train's been gone a quarter of an hour, and still gets to the office with approximate punctuality—who is, in fact, making two hours a day clear profit, or three weeks a year, or, put it another way, adding about eighteen months to his life (even if he is asleep all the time)—can't complain if he misses his bath and breakfast, stands all the way to London in odd socks and has to pop out for a shave instead of coffee. You can't put more into life than you take out of it, if that's what I mean.

I must say this for Cox, he is a man of fixed habits. He sticks to that eight twenty-eight like a good 'un. I often see him standing in the corridor now as I come running up the steps for the eight-fifty. He usually waves a collar: I respond

with a meat-sandwich (no refreshments on the eight-fifty; money in the bank, that). He envies me the fact, I think, that my office has now moved to within a minute of Victoria station; by leaving the garage doors open at home and training a young apprentice porter to take the wheel from me at the other end while the car is still in motion I make the eight-fifty with ease.

As for the office, I had to put it to them. Do they want a meticulously punctual man who can hardly crawl about the place for exhaustion,

or a fresh, vital, go-ahead chap, renewed with sleep and ready for anything, who is forced by circumstances outside his control to turn up a paltry twenty minutes late!

I think they saw my point. After all, they're business men. In fact it was one of them I heard say that nothing would persuade him to live in the country because of getting up early to catch trains. I heard him distinctly. We were alone together. He looked pale and irritable. It's chaps like that who need the delights of rural life more than anyone.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM

CRITICS of free verse

Might conceivably do worse

Than have a shot at it themselves. They might begin

Trying to fit a line in

Where there isn't anything to fit,

Then find a rhyme for it

Where there isn't any rhyme;

All the time

In their subconscious ear

Incessantly hearing

A metre-less, pivot-less rhythm like waves on the sea-shore.

More—

They must have form without definition,

Balance without position,

Laws without law;

In fact, produce bricks without straw.

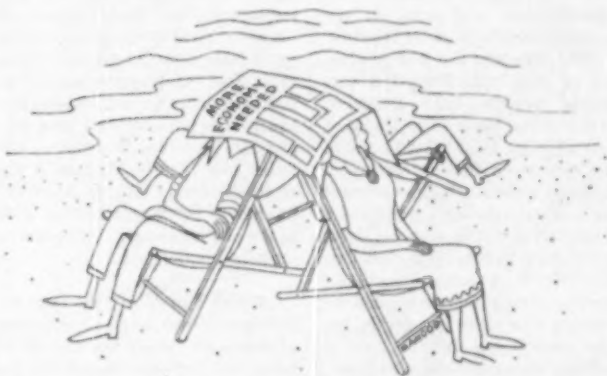
And if they do get in a mess there's no remission,

No "poetic licence," or coasting home on tradition.

Do try it, my so chers amis—

It's free.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON





Frontal Attack

Tone—MR. DERMOT WALSH Sergeant Bell—MR. WALLY PATCH
Gregory—MR. BRIAN RIX

AT THE PLAY

Who Goes There? (THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR)
Reluctant Heroes (WHITEHALL)

WINDSOR is a lucky town. It has a repertory company that maintains an excellent standard in spite of a weekly change of programme, and is housed in a charming theatre as bright as a new penny, that leaves room for the legs and imparts an anticipatory pleasure the moment one enters it. There is even a fortnightly magazine to put the audience on terms of friendship with the cast; and delight in so healthy a theatre standing on its own away from London is doubled on learning that in the past it has been a cinema. Whether the theatre survives in its battle with the screen depends more and more on the success of such outposts as Windsor.

The play was the first production of *Who Goes There?* a new comedy by Mr. JOHN DIGHTON, author of the farce "The Happiest Days of Your Life." Set in one of the "Grace and Favour" houses in St. James's Palace, it demonstrates how easily the domestic routine of a distinguished family can be upset by a passing flaw in the metabolism of a stranger. A sentry's sweetheart fainting—being Irish she has had the audacity to address him on the job—he dumps her in the nearest building, where she makes an immediate impression on its all too

impressionable son, about to be exported to Baffin Bay as an insurance against his amorous peccadilloes. Will he stay and marry this entrancing Dublin housemaid, or will he catch next morning's plane for Gander? He has a resourceful sister, loved both by the officer of the guard and, more remotely, by the sentry. We can leave it to her. This is gentle, unforced comedy, extremely authentic in flavour, with a series of admirably funny situations. It should certainly come to London.

The Windsor team, licked into fine shape by Mr. JOHN COUNSELL, played it with style and assurance. Miss PHOEBE KERSHAW and Mr. PATRICK CARGILL as the gallant and his sister gave performances which would have been judged good in the West End. A young actress, Miss GERALDINE McKEOWN, showed unusual comic promise as the intruder; and Mr. MALCOLM RUSSELL as the father, Mr. VICTOR ADAMS as the stuttering sentry and Mr. ANTHONY SHARPE as the honest Dobbin filled in the plot amusingly. Altogether a most heartening evening.

I wish I could say the same for *Reluctant Heroes*, an inept caricature of Army life which has the air of being a ten-minute sketch for the music-hall desperately expanded

into a full-length farce. All the old jokes about the new recruit, the bellowing sergeant and the giggling girls have been compendiously collated by Mr. COLIN MORRIS. There is even a scene showing the men stripping for a medical inspection while the girls hide under the beds, that may be the very thing for a daring pier-head entertainment but is scarcely for London. Since the adventures, which grow wilder and wilder, bear no relation to normal Service experience the element of satire is lacking, and taken charitably as pantomime the piece remains unfunny. The happiest note among its discords is struck by Mr. BRIAN RIX as a reluctant conscript from Blackpool, and Mr. WALLY PATCH's *Sergeant* gave me a backward shiver.

Recommended

Accolade (Aldwych) is a neat, very well acted play on an unpleasant theme. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (Haymarket) has lost its shocks but not its drive. And for a really first-class farce try *Will Any Gentleman?* (Strand), with Robertson Hare. ERIC KEOWN



[Who Goes There?]

Rearguard Action

Guy Ashley—MR. ANTHONY SHARPE
Miles Cornwall—MR. PATRICK CARGILL
Christina Deed—
MISS GERALDINE McKEOWN

THE COSMIC MESS

THIS column was never highly excited about the new fashion of printing 10,000,000 as 10 m. For one thing, it does not seem good to make a million look small, especially if the little sign £ stands before it. When the rapacious tyrant announces that by a savage new tax he proposes to take £100,000,000 from us we sit up and throw things at him. But if it is £100 m. in small type we hardly notice.

And the new drill does not seem to have been well thought out. You read

10 m.

and, amazed by the ingenuity of Man, pass on. But a little later, in the same column, you find

100,000.

This wretched sum, a mere fraction of ten million, occupies nearly twice the space. Surely, if the great million is to be humbled to serve the great god Space, the thousand and the hundred should come down too. 100,000 should be

100 t.

That would save two spaces. When you come to the hundreds you do not save much, it is true. For 900 would be

9 h.

But the proud million would look up its head again.

This column will bet nearly all its uncountable readers a level penny that they have not the faintest notion why two of our most famous horse-races, the St. Leger and the Cesarewitch, received those names. They may know that the St. Leger was named after a Colonel of that name in 1776. But where did he get the name? Who was the Saint? Was there a Saint? Certainly. In the seventh century a fine fellow called Leger was Bishop of Autun, in Burgundy. (He was also, according to the *Enc. Brit.*, called "Leodegar".) The great Burgundian nobles rose under him against a chap called Ebroin, whom they defeated and interned in a monastery. Soon, however, Leger was defeated by Wulfoald and the Austrasians (but who were they?) and was himself confined. Then both Ebroin and

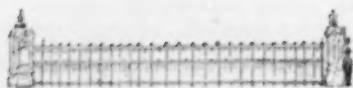
Leger "left the cloister" and had another go. "Leger was besieged in Autun, was forced to surrender and had his eyes put out, and on Oct 12, 678, he was put to death after undergoing prolonged tortures. The church honours him as a saint." After his death Ebroin became "sole and absolute ruler of the Franks"; but three years later he was assassinated, and he did not become a saint: so the best view is that Leger won.

There was a fine St. Leger (Sir Anthony) in the reign of Henry VIII. He became Lord Deputy of Ireland and repressed disorder, but rather kindly. His grandson, on the other hand, Sir William, "in the great rebellion of 1641, executed martial law with the greatest severity, hanging large numbers of rebels". St. Leger is the family name of Lord Doneraile: and the present viscount lives in County Cork. All these grave facts, no doubt, are much in the mind of earnest racegoers at Doncaster in early September; but little can the Bishop of Autun have thought—indeed, hardly at all can he have thought—as he and Ebroin

chased each other about Burgundy, that nearly 13 h. years later his name would still glorify an English horse-race of 1½ miles 132 yards. It might have pleased him if he had: for, after all, he must have been a horseman.

Then "Cesarewitch". This is a most extraordinary affair; and it is a wonder the Comrades, the Kremlin, etc., have made no protest about it. In 1839, it seems, Prince Alexander, son of the Tsar of Russia, and afterwards Tsar Alexander II himself, paid a state visit to England: and the Cesarewitch Handicap race at Newmarket was named in his honour. "Tsarevitch", according to our dear *Encyclopædia Brit.*, "means any son of the Emperor". It is simply horrible to think how many British Comrades may have wagered their honest money on competitors in this race, not knowing what they were doing. Now, at least, they have been warned. Perhaps it is not too late to make a "gesture" and re-name the race "the Stalinovitch". A. P. H.





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, September 18th

The most casual and uninformed visitor to the House of Commons

House of Lords:
An Act is Passed
House of Commons:
Bumblings of the
Stumps

could hardly fail to notice the tension and acerbity that have appeared since the Government announced last week that it intended to go on, post haste, with the plan to put the iron and steel industry under State ownership.

Mr. CHURCHILL at once described the decision as "wanton," and declared that it destroyed national unity at a time when that too-often-scarce commodity was in the Essential List. This protest producing no favourable response from Ministers, Mr. CHURCHILL and his colleagues tabled a motion of censure on the Government. The Whips on both sides therefore spent a hectic week-end rounding up their supporters, while their leaders prepared biting speeches.

A good deal of the acid this atmosphere engendered was noticeable to-day, when the business was, on the whole, unexciting. And when acid comes in at the door good-humour (and wit) are apt to fly out at the windows.

For instance, this (believe it or not) was one exchange:

Mr. MAURICE WEBB: I cannot think—

Sir WALDRON SMITHERS: Hear! hear!

It was not until the House passed on to the day's debate that its normal reasonableness, in some measure, returned. The Opposition complained that the Government was allowing exports, to Russia and pro-Russian countries, of goods which might be used to make weapons of war. Heavy machinery was instanced, and it was argued by Mr. OLIVER LYTTETTON, for the Conservatives, that it was unwise, to put it mildly, to send to any possible aggressor the means to make war.

Mr. HAROLD WILSON, President of the Board of Trade, saw the point

and was very conciliatory about the whole matter. Mr. CHURCHILL, as leading counsel for the complainants, asked a lot of searching questions, to make quite sure that the Government really *did* mean what it appeared to mean—that such war-materials would be allowed to go to other lands only after we, at home, the Commonwealth and the North Atlantic Treaty Powers had had all needs met.

This seemed to put all other applicants so far down the list (the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

The Archbishop of York

supply and demand position being what it is) that the critics were satisfied, and did not press their complaining motion to a vote. Which, as one honourable and gallant Member commented, had the advantage of not giving away "dispositions" for the Battle of the Steel to-morrow.

Meanwhile their Lordships, with their usual quiet efficiency, were passing the Bill to increase the period of National Service, which promptly gained the Royal Assent, and became law this evening.

Tuesday, September 19th

Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, Leader of the Liberal Party, was the real hero of to-day's tense debate on the Conservative motion of censure on the Government for its decision about the steel industry. He sat quietly through a long and rousing speech by Mr. CHURCHILL and, less placidly,

through a similar speech by Mr. HERBERT MORRISON.

Then, noteless and without flourish, he rose and "went for" Mr. MORRISON with a ruthlessness, forthright vigour and power of informed invective that seemed to astonish the Lord President as much as it did the rest of the House.

As for Mr. CHURCHILL, he turned right round in his seat, a few feet in front of Mr. DAVIES, in order to miss no word of an attack which, as the Leader of the Liberals said, released pent-up feelings resulting from six years of sneers and general knocking-about of the Liberals by the present Government. Any debt owed was certainly paid in full by Mr. DAVIES, and after a few attempts to stem the angry flow with loud, jibing cheers the Government side gave up and just sat glumly, "taking it."

"When I support the Government I am hailed as a statesman," cried Mr. DAVIES, bitterly. "If I so much as breathe a word of criticism I am every sort of thing that's bad! The Liberal Party is independent—and intends to remain so!"

The Liberal leader ended with a demand that the steel plan be dropped—as the then Liberal Government had dropped contentious measures to get unity when the First World War came upon us.

It was a speech that will be remembered for many a day, both for its fiery content and its searing delivery. And Mr. CHURCHILL remarked (with a grin) that the Government's sneers at the Liberals, while undeserved, might not—at the polls—be unrequited.

Mr. CHURCHILL's, too, was a memorable speech, for he dealt in great detail with the need for national unity at a time of possible national peril and condemned the Government for its slavish adherence to the Party programme irrespective of the changed circumstances or the clear will of the electorate, as expressed in the result of the last election.



"Of course, in the book the lion just goes up and licks his hand."

"History," he said, an accusing finger directed at Mr. ATTLEE, drawing intricate doodles, opposite, "will hold you to account for this."

This was received with a roar of cheers from the Opposition benches—answered instantly by a counter-cheer from the other side, with the result that the whole House seemed to be cheering Mr. CHURCHILL. However, since it was clearly that sort of evening, nobody was puzzled.

Mr. CHURCHILL's case was that the Government *need* not have gone ahead at this juncture with the nationalization of the steel industry, and that by doing so they had shattered national unity. Moreover, they threatened to shatter something even more vital—the effectiveness and efficiency of the industry itself. And as our national safety might depend on the industry the act of the Government—partisan and unnecessary as it was—was foolish in the extreme.

To which Mr. MORRISON replied

that the Government was merely carrying out an Act of Parliament, as in duty bound, and that once the law was passed there was no choice but to obey it. Moreover, there was nothing in Opposition contentions that because the Government's Parliamentary majority was so small the Act should not be operated. The fact was that there was a majority, and that, under our Constitution, was good enough.

The rest of the debate was a variation on these two themes, until it came to the turn of Mr. ANTHONY EDEN to wind up for the Opposition. He appeared to-night in the rôle of satirist, sympathizing almost tearfully with an interrupter who explained that the Government was unable to induce Tories to serve on the Steel Corporation and had, therefore, to fall back on Socialists.

Mr. EDEN's line was that to gain some problematical advantage the Government was risking the nation's safety—an action he felt

could not be right. Mr. GEORGE STRAUSS, replying for the Government, repeated Mr. MORRISON's case, only in more fortissimo tones, and then the division was called.

The Members, as they went into the rival Lobbies, resembled those "struggling masses" who form the basis of so many Left Wing speeches, but, in the end, they were all safely shepherded into their correct voting-places. The crowded House waited tensely for the result. Several times, on false alarms, dead silence fell—but at last Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, appeared carrying the fateful slip of paper. An exultant cheer rose from the Ministerial benches, and then dead silence again.

"Ayes to the right," read Mr. WHITELEY, "300. Noes to the left, 306."

"So," said Mr. Speaker, "the Noes have it."

And another crisis was at an end.



"Oh, I'll admit it was cooler."

LEE GAP

THE charter has long mouldered: still exists, possibly, in the State archives, and is known among other such items to archaeologists; none of whom know Lee Gap. Bare as a bone a knuckly road runs between two odd-shaped fields:

in them each year for centuries lost in the mists

of English history horse dealers have shown palfrey and charger, Shire, Cleveland, Suffolk

Punch,

chestnut, flea-bitten grey, bay, strawberry roan, draught horses, wild Welsh ponies in a bunch, hunters and Galloways, high-steppers, hacks, nags for the knacker, stallions and mares, pack horses, roasters, hipshots, wall-eyes and roach-backs.

Once Lee Gap Fair went on for three full weeks: then, gingerbread was gilt, and ale was mulled; then, there were strong men, fat women, dwarfs and freaks,

Cumberland wrestlers, tumblers, dancing bears. The manors sent there laden wagons, pulled

by oxen with a steward shrewd to barter corn against cloth and harness, salt and nails.

Eight hundred years have passed. Still runs the charter, but Lee Gap fails.

"Ah remember," the old men say, "when t'buyer could tak' his pick of two thousand 'oases and more: the days when Lee Gap wor that crammed wi' 'oases ye couldn't thrust a stick between 'em."

And now! Perhaps three or four score. Riding ponies for children. Cobs for street hawkers. Shoddy dregs of the last, cast-off horses of the farm bought for the meat on the body.

The charter has long mouldered; will remain in the knowledge of the curious few—mayhap in the memory of men who will explain to their sons, for a generation or two:

Yon was Lee Gap.

R. C. SCRIVES

BOOKING OFFICE

The Duke's Ditches

AS the author of a not very serious work on dogs which came out before the war, in the same month as twenty-two other not very serious works on dogs, I have a special sympathy for the authors of three books which have appeared lately about British canals. The ratio of ill fortune is roughly the same, canals having been strangely neglected by writers.

All three books are in their different ways excellent. The recent revival of public interest in canals is a good deal due to the popularity of "Narrow Boat," by Mr. L. T. C. Rolt, and now his *The Inland Waterways of England* is a sound, well-written history that is particularly interesting on the side of craftsmanship and in the picture it gives of the lives of boatmen of the old school. Mr. Charles Hadfield's *British Canals* is an even fuller record, which draws extensively on contemporary documents and revels in statistics. If you wish to confirm your recollection that the Trent and Mersey paid a dividend of 75 per cent in 1833 you can do so. There is more detail here than is needed by the casual reader, who will find everything he wants about past and present in Mr. Eric de Maré's *The Canals of England*, a briefer summary carrying the best illustrations of the three. His photographs are a vivid reminder of how much material beauty is still to be found on the canals, for most of their architecture is Georgian and their simple, sturdy machinery has a singular charm.

It seems that we owe the first modern canal to the recalcitrance of a young woman. The Duke of Bridgewater—who could scarcely have been more fittingly titled by Gilbert—being crossed in love turned his attention to the better disposal of ancestral coal. He employed an illiterate millwright named James Brindley, who proved a genius, and in 1761 the ten-mile stretch between Worsley and Manchester was opened. Thirty years later a canal boom occurred comparable to the railway mania of 1845. Until the railways had all but strangled them the canals prospered mightily ("They will last my time," growled the Duke, "but I see mischief in those damned tramroads"). An invaluable nursery for civil engineers, they presented the most obstinate problems which one by one were overcome in the teeth of public ribaldry by devices as varied as they were audacious.

Not only were canals a boon to mine-owners and manufacturers but in their heyday carried packet-boats which sound altogether delightful. These were as fast as stage-coaches, in some cases faster, and far more comfortable. They had first- and second-class cabins, meals, drinks and papers were provided, and the horses were changed every few miles. What man in his senses would not barter all the aeroplanes in the world for such a sensible and restorative mode of travel!

All these authors seem pretty well agreed that, while the railways were guilty of gross stupidity in

nearly destroying what might yet have been a national asset, the canals rather asked for extinction by muddle, arrogance and extortion. A point on which they are not unanimous is the origin of the early boatmen, Mr. Rolt holding that many of them came of gipsy stock, the other two stoutly denying it. To one ignorant of the ins and outs of the matter Mr. Rolt's arguments are the most impressive. To mention only a few: names, folk-art, love of music and step-dancing, cabin lay-out and the obvious similarity between the two kinds of life.

Nowadays, as Sir Alan Herbert points out in an introduction to *The Canals of England*, our treatment of waterways is shabby and short-sighted. Mr. de Maré puts forward practical suggestions for their revival which will doubtless be ignored by a State so unimaginative that since assuming control of transport it has clapped the surviving narrow boats into an ugly uniform, instead of encouraging their lovely traditional decoration. But, whether woody or thriving, canals still have this value, that they can be explored with pleasure in small boats. And many of them traverse a mysterious hinterland too long forgotten.

ERIC KEOWNS



David Hughes

Black and White

Since 1880, when the documentary novel became a force, facts and social problems have often been considered to be more important than art or creative ability. The aim of *Without Magnolias* is certainly sociological—it deals with the Negro problem in the U.S.A.—but Mr. Bucklin Moon is too good a novelist to dish up a sermon. His characters, for instance, live and impress their personalities on the reader. Such small people as Luther the barman, who suffers humiliations, the New York Negroess who pays a rare visit to her home in the South, and the cheerful Bessie who works as a secretary in a Negro college, are all particularly human. The return of the boy soldier, George, from the late war is also excellent. The picture of the way in which these, and a great many others, react on one another, how they suffer from the stigma of their colour and how their political and social consciences are awakened through education, is painted on a broad scale with depth. The old battle between the South and the North of America, it seems, did not finish with Lincoln. Mr. Moon has written a book that not only strikes a subtle blow for his cause but has also turned out to be a lively novel.

R. K.

In the Garden and by the Sea

Some people have green fingers. Mr. Bernard Gooch, like Marvell, has green thoughts about the common children of Nature, into whose strange world he looks with most observant eyes. "So little is known," he writes, "about the ordinary habits of common birds or sea anemones, or snails, glowworms, even goldfish." What Mr. Gooch has observed of the life-patterns of these and many other small creatures he relates with loving detail and great clarity, and very charmingly ("High up on Dartmoor, where the nights are cold, the blue tits in our garden used to look like so many small grey-blue powder puffs with a tail attached"). *The Strange World of Nature* is a book for the general reader; the publishers have produced it in good print with some enchanting wood-engravings by Joan Hassall.

R. C. S.



The Sun also Sets

In *Across the River and Into the Trees* Mr. Ernest Hemingway has thought of some new mannerisms, not less irritating than his previous inventions, such as—though this is perhaps a device of the cautious English publisher's—the use of neat little single stars to indicate such improper words as a rough soldier-man might be expected to use when commenting on war correspondents and generals to a broad-minded contessa in Venice. Amid luxury hotels, canals, duck-shoots, love and *haute cuisine*, the rough soldier-man, a veteran of two wars, talks of tactics, women and his feelings for brass-hats. He is dying of heart disease, and his twilight love-affair with the Italian girl, whom he prettily addresses as "Daughter," is the setting for his memories of the error that cost him his command. To remind us that Mr. Hemingway is rather a great man there are occasional flashes of his old quality which make the rest of this self-parody depressing to read.

R. G. G. F.

The Little Rat

M. Romain Gary has been credited by an English reviewer with witty detachment in his handling of the Paris underworld. This is a strange misreading of the insight and compassion exhibited throughout *The Company of Men*, from the moment when its orphan hero "a poor little rat trapped in the hole of an epoch becomes the Artful Dodger of a bewilderingly luxurious thieves' kitchen." Luc and his friend Léonce graduate step by step from old M. Vanderputte's Franco-American black market in drugs and appliances to a "movie"-motivated world of hold-ups. Josette, the pathetic female of their species, dies young of the life she leads. Yet although their employer admits when finally cornered that "there's no excuse for the human race," the novelist strews the *via dolorosa* of his scoundrels with mitigating clues—the frustration of every generous impulse, the lack of any generous example, the elusiveness of God. Out of ineluctable ugliness "a terrible beauty is born."

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Inland Waterways of England.* L. T. C. Rolt. (Allen and Unwin, 21/-)
British Canals. Charles Hadfield. (Phoenix House, 16/-)
The Canals of England. Eric de Maré. (Architectural Press, 18/-)
Without Magnolias. Bucklin Moon. (Secker and Warburg, 12/6)
The Strange World of Nature. Bernard Gooch. (Lutterworth Press, 10/6)
Across the River and Into the Trees. Ernest Hemingway. (Jonathan Cape, 9/6)
The Company of Men. Romain Gary; translated from the French by Joseph Barnes. (Michael Joseph, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

- The Ironing Board.* Christopher Morley. (Faber, 10/6)
 A miscellany of essays, short stories and other considered trifles of lightweight charm. First-class for the bedside.
My Old Man's Badge. Ferguson Findley. (Reinhardt and Evans, 8/6)
 Tenderfoot cop tracks down father's slayer through New York underworld. Efficient, fast-moving, tough thriller.

NARROW ESCAPE

THE woman recounted the events of her day. "We went into Rottingdean for lunch," she disclosed. "You remember that frock of mine with the fawn stripes on a white ground?"

The man did his best to sound convincing. "Yes."

"I don't believe you do. With little velvet bows that tie at the neck and on the shoulders!"

"No."

"Well, you've tied them for me often enough. You honestly don't remember it?"

"No."

"With puff shoulders and a slightly flared skirt?"

"I don't think if I'd seen it I'd have forgotten it. What about it, though?"

"I thought I'd wear it to-day, that's all. But looking out of the window it seemed to me likely to be a bit chilly, so I thought I'd just wear it down to the greengrocer's first, to see whether it was suitable or not."

"And was it?"

"No."

"Well."

"Don't go away," the woman restrained him. "We haven't got to the point of the story yet. I took it off, and put this one on, and we went into Rottingdean for lunch, as I told you."

"I remember."

"What with the holiday-makers and everything it was awfully crowded as we might have expected, and there were only two seats vacant in the café when we got there."

"There were?"

"Yes. The manageress showed us into these seats, and you can guess what happened."

"I haven't an idea."

"Sitting right bang opposite me, at the same table, staring me straight in the eyes, was another woman wearing my frock."

"You mean the frock you've got on?"

"No, the one I'd left off. The one with the fawn stripes on a white ground—"

"—and the little velvet bows



"What have I learnt to-day, Mr. Johnson? My husband is sure to ask me."

that tie at the neck and on the shoulders."

"That's the one. You remember it after all, I see."

The man silently recorded the undeserved commendation on the credit side of his current account.

"Wasn't it extraordinary?" the woman continued. "And wasn't it a lucky thing I happened to have decided not to wear it?"

"Lucky? It wouldn't have mattered, would it?"

"Sitting there like two peas in a pod? I'd have been so ashamed I think I'd have died."

"I wouldn't have minded if it had been me. I'd have said to her 'I see you're wearing my frock.'"

"Well, I wouldn't. I should just have gone straight out again. As it was, I sat there thinking what an extraordinary thing it was that, with just that one table with seats in the whole place, there should be this woman sitting there wearing that particular frock."

"Did she look nice in it?" the man inquired.

The woman made a gesture of despair. "Well, I hope I don't look like that in it, that's all. She was twice as fat as I am, for one thing."

"She was?"

"You seem to think it's unlikely."

"I wasn't expressing any

opinion. I was merely being conventionally interested."

"That wasn't what it sounded like. Well, anyway, I hope I don't look like that. If I thought I did I'd never wear the frock again."

The man turned the story over in his mind. "Why was it again," he asked eventually, "you said you decided not to wear it after all?"

The woman looked suspicious. "It was chilly," she explained to him. "Why?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking, what a thing it would have been, you and this other woman sitting glaring at each other, and knowing that the frock you were both wearing wasn't suitable in the first place."

"His heart beat against his breast in great heavy strokes. He felt his legs give way under him, but just saved himself from falling. He pressed his fingers against his eyeballs, withdrew them."

"Woman's Own"

Did that help?

THE BARBER

A BARBER was ther, somdel stape of age,
That rood with us up-on ure pilgrimage,
And coude croppe wel a heed of haire:
Whan that a man was acted in his chaire,
Al mofed to the nekke in a nappe,
Then wolde he speke of any chaunce or happe,
And how a hors might runne he wolde telle
At Epsom, Kemptoun Parke, or Fontewelle;
Of Gildes spak he, and of Parlemeute,
And ofte groused ageyn the Gouvernemente.
Ther nas nowher no man of greter skille:
Of everichoon accordaunt to his wille
With nimble honde he shapel wel the croppe,
As "Bakke and sides" or "Trim" or "Short a-toppe";
And uppe and doun he heed he wolde presse,
Yet al with curteisye and gentillesse;
Ful lude was the whirryng of the sheeres
Ther-with he trimmed wel behind his ceres;
The colpouns of his lokkes wolde he snippe
And eek the hairens up-on his over-lippe,
And ofte his heed with oyle he wolde anoynte;
A lusty man he was, and in god poynte,
And wered, for the nonce, a demi-cupe
As whyt as was the lathere of his sowe;
Of oynements he had, al in a rowe,
Which that, he seyde, mad the hair to growe.
Above his shoppe a motlee pole ther was:
His heed was balled, and shoon as any glas.

G. H. VALLING



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Love from Mum
Greetings

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so
much

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CABLE AND WIRELESS SERVICES

22

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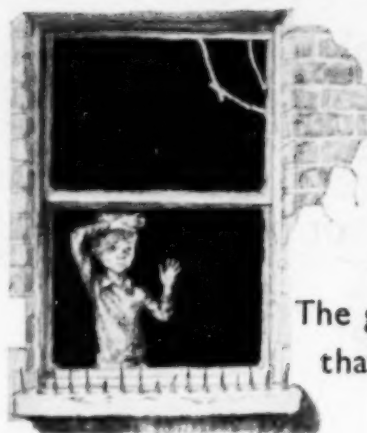
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To protect baby from the germs that cause sickness and diarrhoea, feeding bottles and teats must be kept sterilized continuously. The quickest, easiest and surest way is to

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FEEDING BOTTLES

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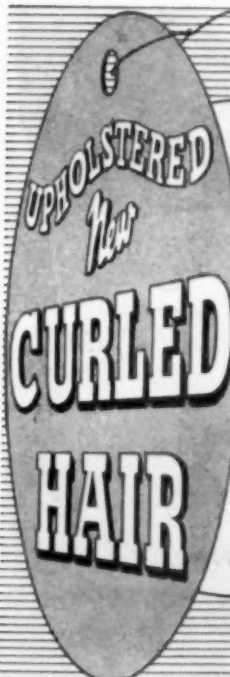
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The Triplex 'V' is such an elegant cooker, produces delectable meals, provides plentiful piping-hot water; and uses so little fuel it even makes 'economy' mean something!

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CSC

"It's all this washing that gives us women rheumatism!"

MEDICAL research has discovered that about three times as many women as men suffer from rheumatism. Why is this? Are women naturally more prone to some rheumatic disorders, or does their work encourage the complaint?

CAN'T BE BOTHERED

A woman is often too busy looking after her family to worry about herself. Is it this way that she reduces her resistance to rheumatic infection? She will put up with the persistent nagging twinges because of her natural fortitude. She can't be bothered about a doctor.

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Rheumatism may often be caused by impurities in the system. Kruschen helps the body to expel these impurities in the normal way. Kruschen is not an ordinary laxative. It is a specially blended salts. These work



in two ways—aperient and diuretic—thus aiding the bowels and the kidneys to rid themselves, and the body, of impurities through the natural channels. Kruschen can prevent these impurities from forming again.

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 (in Powder or Crystals) from Chemists and Grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

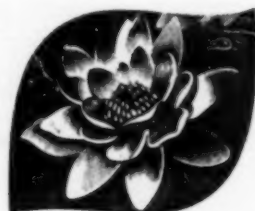
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LIQUORICE ALLSORTS
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THE MARKING INK
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I'd rather have a
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Jaffajuce Orange contains over 85% natural Orange juice (which is more than three times as much as the standard laid down by the Ministry of Food) — plus, of course, pure sugar.

GUARANTEE. Jaffajuce has been awarded the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene. If for any reason you are not satisfied your grocer is authorized to replace your bottle immediately.

Breakfast Orange for early morning

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Travel broadens the mind. Especially travelling on the Belfast and County Down Railway. There was overheard the other day: children's bad manners! Can you wonder when they are all blew up with cod liver oil and government orange juice? We are makers, amongst other things, of Orange Squash, and we trust we are not contributing to crime. We think this delinquency goes deeper than that. We believe we men are largely if not entirely to blame. When men worked for ten hours a day, or even nine hours a day, and worked hard, we could afford to keep sufficient women at home to look after the house, and to care for the children. We have shortened our own hours at our women-folk's expense. Now nobody

... Muzzings of a Mineral Water Manufacturer

holds the baby. In the years prior to the first world war we believe the general standard of living in this country was the highest in history. Wages on paper were low, but they were quietly buying more and more. There was no shortage of houses then, there was no shortage of food, the debauch began in 1909 with Lloyd George's ninepence for fourpence. Then during the war we brought in the Minimum Wage Act and this Minimum Wage Act we believe to have been the main cause of unemployment on the grand scale. If one wants to get a grasp of political economy one should think in terms of the Garden of Eden; wealth can only be increased by more people working harder, giving an increase in goods, that is good things, not in paper pounds.



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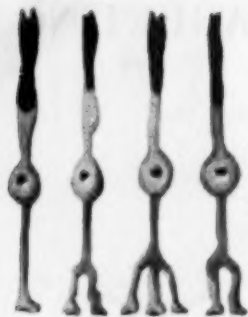
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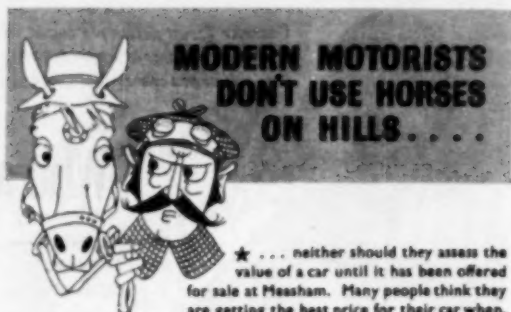
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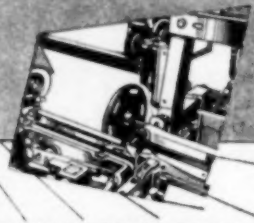
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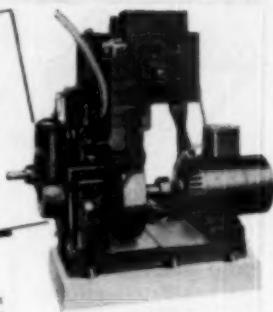


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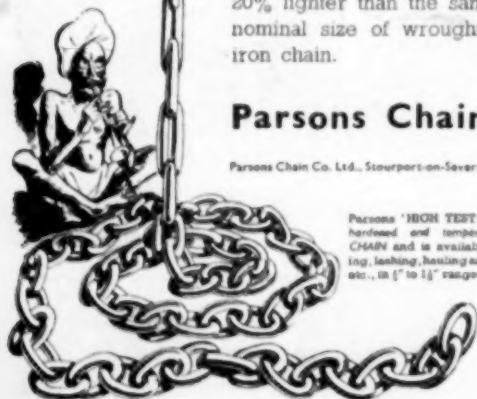
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For acid stomach is his bane
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He sucks two Rennies after meals
And you can guess how well he feels.

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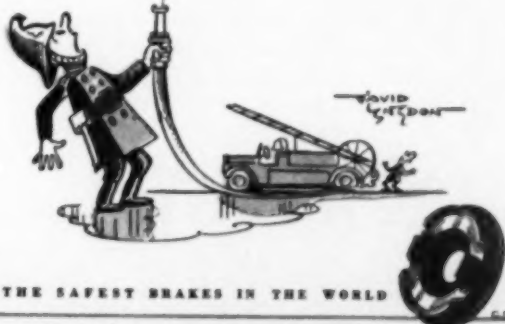
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